



COWBOY WESTERN

COWBOY

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Nº 49

WESTERN

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight... or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise... dangerous drugs... or special diet... and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible... with MORE-WATE.

MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs... you eat it like candy! Yet... if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets... a full 10 days supply... for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee. Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS... and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose... and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—they stimulate appetite... they eat it like candy!

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

**10-DAY
SUPPLY \$1.
ONLY**

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight... or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet... that combines not just one... or two... but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid... not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12... the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals... It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood! It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1... and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny... or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want... or don't pay anything. Act now!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 248

318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets, as plan, postage prepaid.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

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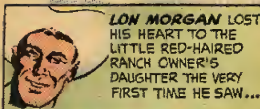
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COWBOY WESTERN

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS PH! due this crazy comic • HAUNTED • HOT RODS AND RACING CARS • ZOO FUNNIES LASH LAURE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • RACKET SQUAD • SIX-GUN HEROES ROMANTIC STORY • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES SWEETHEARTS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TEENS • THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



Lon Morgan LOST HIS HEART TO THE LITTLE RED-HAired RANCH OWNER'S DAUGHTER THE VERY FIRST TIME HE SAW...



Bess Fenwick, WHO WANTED TO ENCOURAGE THE LANKY STRANGER BUT HESITATED TO CROSS HER FATHER...

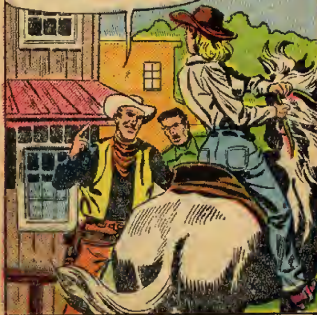


Fred Fenwick, BOSS OF THE SPRAWLING "DIAMOND-V" RANCH. FOR THOSE WHO WANTED TO COURT HIS DAUGHTER HE HAD DEVISED A RUGGED...



Bess Fenwick WAS THE BELLE OF BOON-TOWN, AND EVERY CONPOKE FOR MILES AROUND TURNED WISHY-WASHY WHEN SHE RODE INTO TOWN...

I'LL TAKE THEM REINS, MISS BESS! GIVE 'EM HERE...



HOLD ON THERE, JEFF! IT'S MY TURN TO TAKE CARE OF HER HOSS!

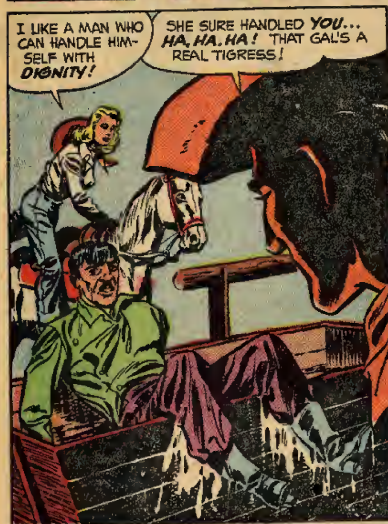
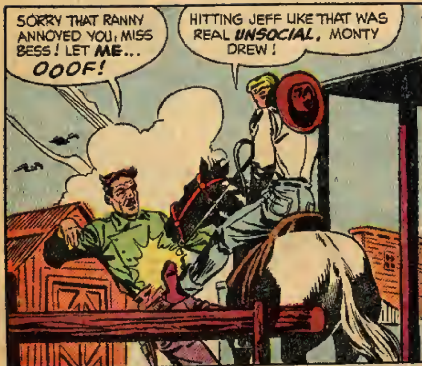


LEGGO, FLANNEL-MOUTH! I WAS HERE FIRST...

I-I'M WARNING YOU, MONTY... LEGGO OR... UGHUUH!



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THE RIVALRY TO DATE YOUNG BESS GREW SO FEROCIOUS THAT ONE DAY FRED FENWICK INVITED THE CONTESTANTS TO THE RANCH...

...AND BESS TELLS ME YOU'RE ALL ANXIOUS TO COURT HER. SO ME WORKED OUT A LI'L TEST, 'CAUSE I'M PARTICULAR ABOUT WHO TAKES MY DAUGHTER OUT. ANYBODY WHO SHOWS ME HE CAN RIDE, SHOOT...AND HAS **COURAGE**... GETS PERMISSION TO SPARK BESS!



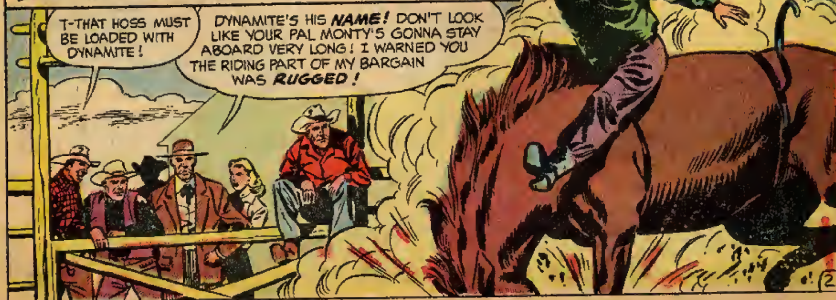
THE TEST'S RUGGED! WHO WANTS TO TRY?

FOR A DATE WITH BESS I'D STICK MY NECK IN A NOOSE, MR. FENWICK! TEST **ME!**

ME TOO, SIR! I'M RARIN' TO TRY!



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE "DIAMOND-V" CORRAL, THE TRIPLE-TEST STARTED...



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THE RIDING COMPLETED, THE BRUISED CONTESTANTS MOVED ON TO THE NEXT TEST...

J-JEFF SHATTERED TWO OF THE CLAY TARGETS!

I TOLD YOU TO BREAK **ALL** OF 'EM! NOT ONE OF YOU SIDEWINDERS MEASURES UP TO MY REQUIREMENTS! NO NEED FOR ME TO TEST YOUR **COURAGE**...YOU'VE ALL FLUNKED!



THEN, ONE DAY, A MONTH LATER...

WHERE YOU GOIN' GOOD LOOKIN' ? C'MERE... GIMME A LI'L KISS!

T-TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU DRUNKEN PIG!



HEH HEH! THASS WHAT I LIKE... A GAL WITH SPUNK! C'MON ... PUCKER UP!



H-HEY! W-WHO SENT FOR... UGHHH!

THE LI'L LADY ASKED YOU TO LEGGO, STRANGER! YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO HEAR 'ER!

THANK YOU, KIND SIR! NOT MANY MEN WOULD HAVE THE NERVE TO SWING AT TEX SHANE! WHO ARE YOU?

NAME'S DON MORGAN! I...AH...CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO FIND THE "DIAMOND-Y" SPREAD? I GOT A JOB WAITING FOR ME THERE!

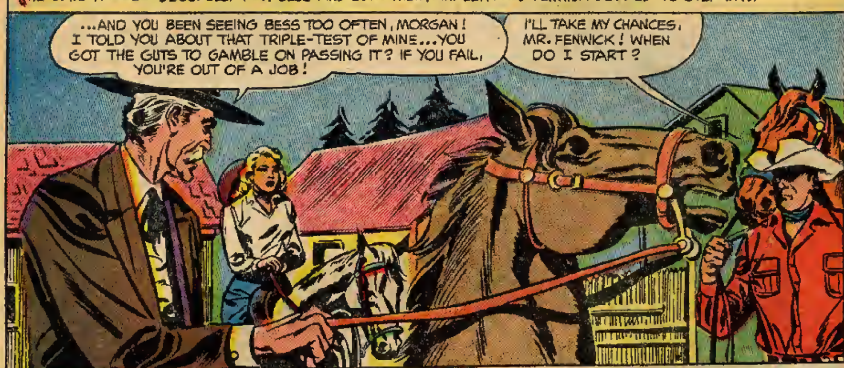


I'M HEADED OUT THERE MYSELF, STRANGER! WE'LL RIDE OUT TOGETHER...AND **TALK**! I-IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE TALKED TO A REAL **MAN**!



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THE DAYS PASSED BLISSFULLY FOR BESS AND LON. THEN, FINALLY, FRED FENWICK DECIDED TO STEP IN...



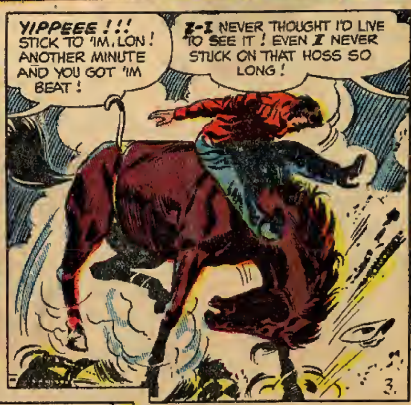
...AND YOU BEEN SEEING BESS TOO OFTEN, MORGAN! I TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT TRIPLE-TEST OF MINE...YOU GOT THE GUTS TO GAMBLE ON PASSING IT? IF YOU FAIL, YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB!

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, MR. FENWICK! WHEN DO I START?



MORGAN'S A GOOD HOSSMAN...BUT HE'LL NEVER STAY ON THAT HUNK O' LIGHTNING! NO ONE EVER HAS!

I-LIKE YOU SAY, PA...H-HE'S GOT TO TAKE HIS CHANCES LIKE ALL THE REST!



YIPPEEE!!! STICK TO 'IM, LON! ANOTHER MINUTE AND YOU GOT 'IM BEAT!

Z-I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE IT! EVEN I NEVER STUCK ON THAT HOSS SO LONG!



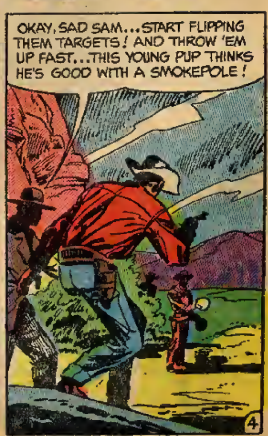
GUESS THE BOY SORTA TOOK THE WIND OUTTA YOUR SAILS, BOSS! HE SURE TAMED DYNAMITE...EVEN AN OLD WOMAN COULD RIDE THAT NAG NOW!

ONLY ONE THIRD OF THE TEST'S OVER, SHORTY! LET'S SEE HOW GOOD MORGAN IS WITH A GUN!



THE TARGETS IS READY, BOSS! GOT 'EM ALL STACKED UP, READY TO TOSS!

GOOD, SAD SAM...I'LL GIVE YOU THE WORD AS SOON AS I'M READY! HERE'S YOUR GUN, MORGAN...THIS TEST ISN'T AS EASY AS RIDING THAT SWAY-BACKED OLD NAG!



OKAY, SAD SAM...START FLIPPING THEM TARGETS! AND THROW 'EM UP FAST...THIS YOUNG PUP THINKS HE'S GOOD WITH A SMOKEPOLE!

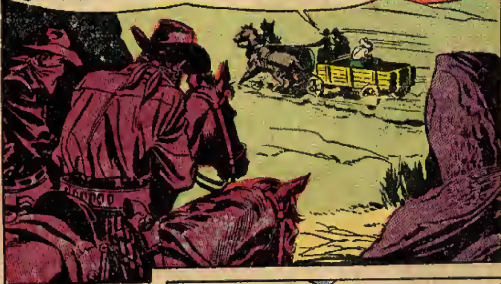
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E-EVERY ONE OF THE TARGETS...H-HE BUSTED 'EM ALL! INCRED...ER...NOT BAD, SON! COURSE I COULDA DONE BETTER, BUT...UH...NOT RIGHT NOW!



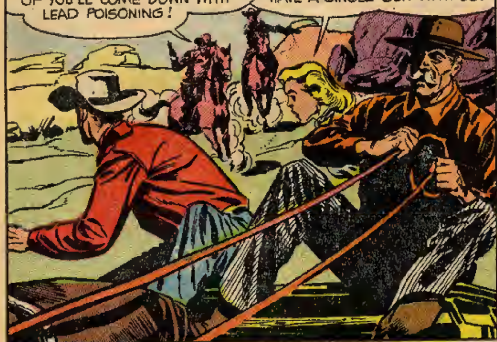
STARTLED THAT LON MORGAN HAD PASSED THE FIRST TWO PARTS OF HIS TEST, FRED FENWICK NOW PREPARED TO TEST THE YOUNG MAN'S **COURAGE**...

I'LL NEED A LIT'L TIME TO DOPE OUT A TEST OF YOUR BRAVERY, MORGAN! SOMETHING THAT'LL TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE...NOT GIVE YOU ANY CHANCE TO PREPARE FOR IT...



HOLD ON THERE...STOP THEM HOSSES! OBEY...OR THE THREE OF YOU'LL COME DOWN WITH LEAD POISONING!

P-PA...A COUPLA MASKED BANOTTS! AND WE DON'T HAVE A SINGLE GUN WITH US!



STRETCH, GENTS... LET'S SEE YOUR HANDS TOUCH THEM CLOUDS! AND DON'T MAKE ANY FUNNY MOVES...I GOT AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER!

B-BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS, MORGAN! N-NOTHING WE CAN DO TO STOP 'EM! ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD RISK HIS NECK TO STOP THEIR...

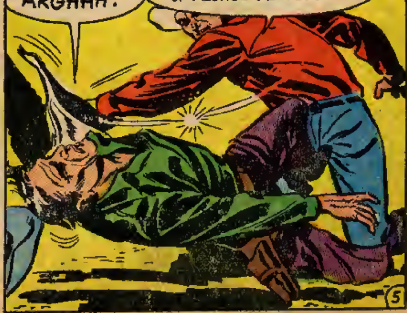


W-WATCH OUT, MORGAN! THIS IS NO TIME TO PROVE YOUR BRAVERY...!



G-GET OFFA ME, YOU DUMB HYENA! THIS IS ONLY A... ARGHHH!

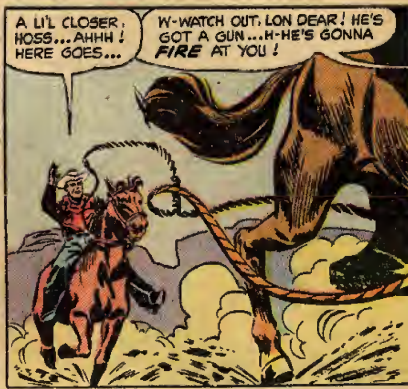
ONLY A KIDNAPPING, EH? THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU...AND IN A FEW MINUTES YOUR PAL'S GONNA BE TIED UP ALONGSIDE YOU!



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HOLD ONTO **THAT** ONE, MR. FENWICK...WHILE I ROUND UP THE OTHER RATTLER! CMON, HOSS... LET'S MAKE TRACKS!



A LI'L CLOSER, HOSS...AHHH! HERE GOES...

W-WATCH OUT, LON DEAR! HE'S GOT A GUN...H-HE'S GONNA FIRE AT YOU!



H-HEY! THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO... UNGHHH!

GOOD BOY! STAND FAST, NOW... IT'LL TAKE ME A MINUTE TO SCRAPE THIS HUNK OF TUMBLEWEED OFF'N THE GROUND!



I-IM WARNING YOU, MISTER! ANOTHER STEP...AND IT'LL BE YOUR LAST!

H-HE MEANS IT, LON... H-HE'S **TEX SHANE!** HE'S NO GOOD...HE'S KILLED MEN RIGHT HERE IN BOONTOWN!



WE DON'T SEE EYE-TO-EYE, SHANE...SO I'M TAKING A HAND IN THIS GAME AND DEALING YOU OUT!

W-WHAT THE... ULppp!



W-WELL I'LL BE! T-THAT GUY...HE **COLLARED TEX!**

D-DISARMED 'IM, TIED 'IM UP AND BROUGHT 'IM BACK! WHEW! THIS LON MORGAN'S A REGULAR WHIRLWIND!

COWBOY WESTERN



RETURNING TO THE RANCH, FRED FENWICK SLOWLY SPOKE THE HATEFUL WORDS...

I R-RECKON YOU'VE SHOWED YOU GOT COURAGE, MORGAN... AND YOU'VE PASSED THE REST OF MY TRIPLE-TEST, TOO! YOU'RE FREE TO COURT BESS... IF SHE **WANTS** YOU TO!

YOU BET I **WANT** 'IM TO, PA! BUT RIGHT NOW I GOTTA SEE SOMEONE FOR A FEW MINUTES!

M-ME, TOO! E-EXCUSE ME, MR. FENWICK!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE BUNKHOUSE...

HERE'S THE MONEY I PROMISED YOU, SHORTY! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO CALM DYNAMITE DOWN ENOUGH FOR ME TO RIDE 'IM... BUT YOU **DID**!

A COUPLA PILLS DID IT! HE **LOOKED** LIKE HE WAS FULLA SPUNK... BUT HE WAS REAL GENTLE... **FOR DYNAMITE!**



AT THE SAME TIME, A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY...

HERE'S YOUR REWARD, SAD SAM! YOU DID A GOOD JOB WITH THOSE CLAY TARGETS...

I'LL HAFTA SPLIT THIS WITH SOME OF THE OTHER BOYS, MISS BESS! **THEY** WERE SHOOTIN' AT THEM TARGETS... TO MAKE SURE THEY **ALL** GOT BUSTED!

THAT EVENING, WHILE BESS FENWICK IS TRANSFORMING HERSELF...

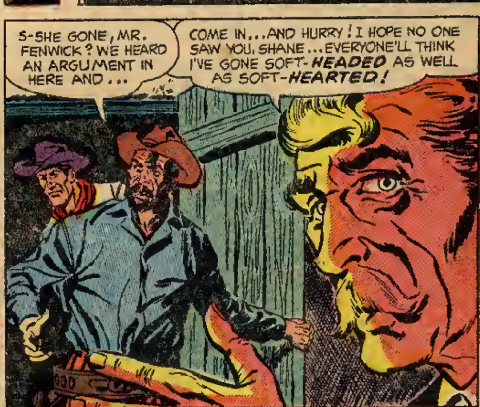
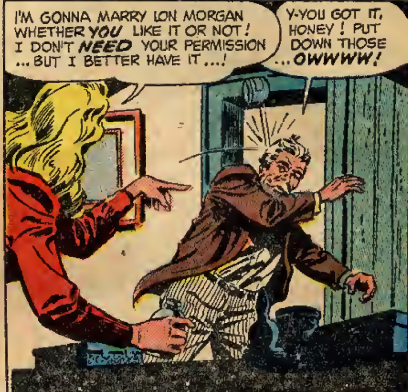
WHAT'RE YOU GETTIN' ALL DRESSED UP FOR, BESS? A DANCE, OR JUST CELEBRATING MORGAN'S PASSING THE TRIPLE-TEST?

LON'S CALLING FOR ME IN A FEW MINUTES, PA... WE'RE RIDING INTO TOWN TOGETHER... TO THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE!

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, EH? MADE UP YOUR MIND AWFUL FAST, DIDN'T YOU? DON'T KNOW IF I'LL GIVE MY **PERMISSION**... HAD SO MUCH FUN I THINK I'LL DREAM UP THREE **MORE** TESTS FOR MORGAN TO PASS! YEP... **ANOTHER** TRIPLE TEST!



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MOTION PICTURE AND T.V. STAR **ROCKY LANE**

WHEN THE BLOOTHIRSTY FOUR-FOOTED KILLERS CLOSED IN ON THE FRIGHTENED, LEADERLESS MUSTANGS, **BLACK JACK**... THE GREAT HEARTED STALLION... COURAGEOUSLY USED HIMSELF AS A DECOY IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE HERD OF HORSES FROM...

THE DEADLY WOLF-PACK!

(A BLACK JACK STORY)



ON HIS WAY TO THE NEXT ASSIGNMENT, THE FEARLESS UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, **ROCKY LANE**, JOINS A BAND OF COWHANDS RESTING UP FROM A ROUNDUP. SUDDENLY...

W-HAT IN TARNATION'S THAT?

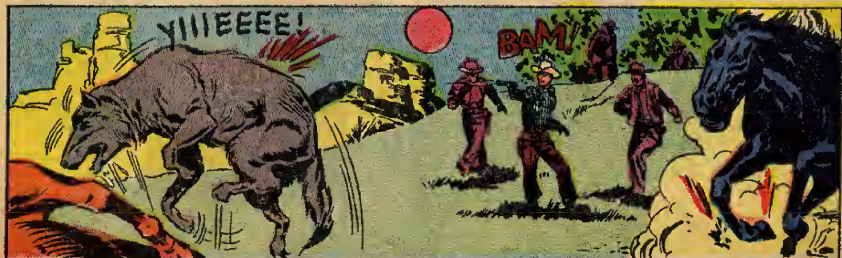
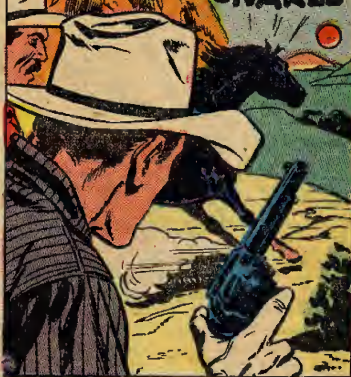
SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THE CALVES IN THE SOUTH PASS! H-HOPE IT AIN'T A LOBO RUNNING WILD THROUGH THE HERD...

YEEAAAAA!!!!



I-IT'S A WOLF, ALL RIGHT! AND THAT HOSS OF YOURS IS HEADING STRAIGHT FER SURE DEATH! AIN'T A NAG ALIVE CAN TANGLE WITH A TIMBER WOLF!

SNARLL!



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GOOD SHOOTING, ROCKY! THAT BULLET OF YORES SAVED YER PONY'S LIFE!

I WOULDN'T BET A PLUGGED NICKEL, ON THAT, BOYS! YOU DON'T KNOW BLACK JACK WHEN HE GETS ROUSED!



HE SURE ENOUGH STOMPED THAT WOLF INTO JELLY, ROCKY! BUT IF YOU HADN'T FIRED...

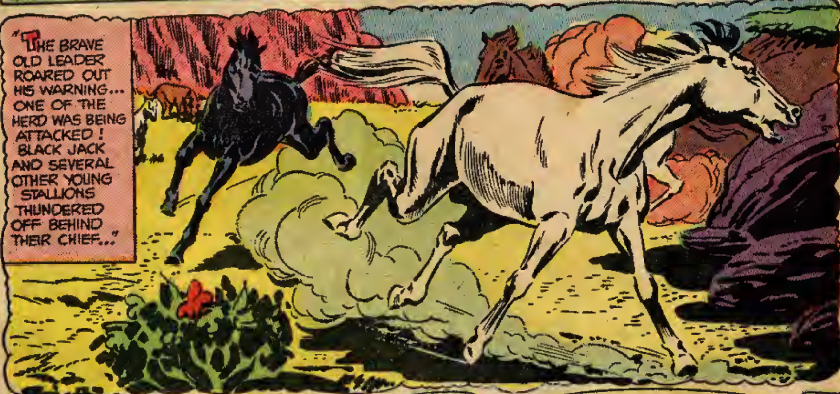


BLACK JACK WOULD'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE LOBO IN HIS OWN WAY! SUMMER DOWN, OLD PARD, WHILE I TELL THE BOYS A STORY ABOUT YOU!

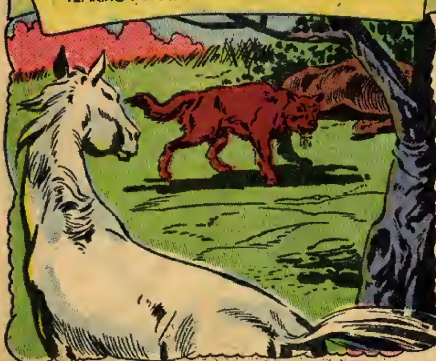
A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, BEFORE BLACK JACK AND I BECAME PARTNERS, HE WAS ONE OF A HERD OF WILD MUSTANGS. DRINKING FROM A STREAM, AFTER A HARD RUN, ONE DAY, WHILE THE OLD LEADER WAITED FOR STRAGGLERS TO CATCH UP...



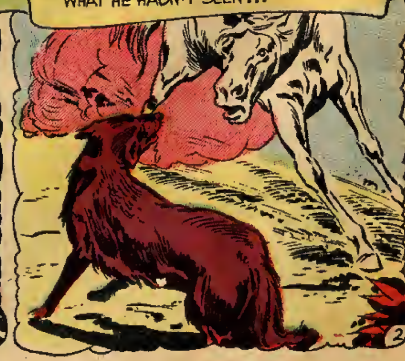
THE BRAVE OLD LEADER ROARED OUT HIS WARNING... ONE OF THE HERD WAS BEING ATTACKED! BLACK JACK AND SEVERAL OTHER YOUNG STALLIONS THUNDERED OFF BEHIND THEIR CHIEF...



WHAT THEY SAW WAS A SCENE OF BRUTAL MURDER... A HUGE WOLF WAS SAVAGELY TEARING APART A WEEK-OLD COLT...



ENRAGED... THROWING CAUTION TO THE WINDS... THE OLD LEADER LUNGED FORWARD, AT THE HATED ENEMY! WHAT HE HADN'T SEEN...



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"...WERE THE SHADOWS LURKING CLOSE BY! THE OLD LEADER WHIRLED, HEEMED IN ON ALL SIDES BY FEROCIOUS TIMBER WOLVES!"



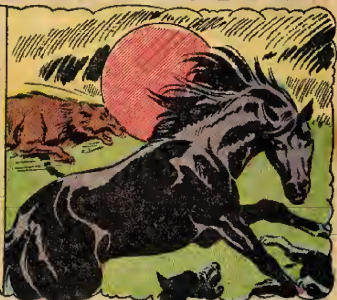
"WHILE THE OTHER STALLIONS HESITATED IN FEAR, BLACK JACK HURTLIED TO THE AID OF HIS LEADER. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE, AS RAZOR-SHARP FANGS PLUNGED HOME WITH DEADLY EFFECT!"



"SURROUNDED BY THE DEADLY WOLF-PACK, BLACK JACK FAILED TO SEE THE OTHER STALLIONS RETREATING. ONLY HE AND THE DYING LEADER FOUGHT ON!"



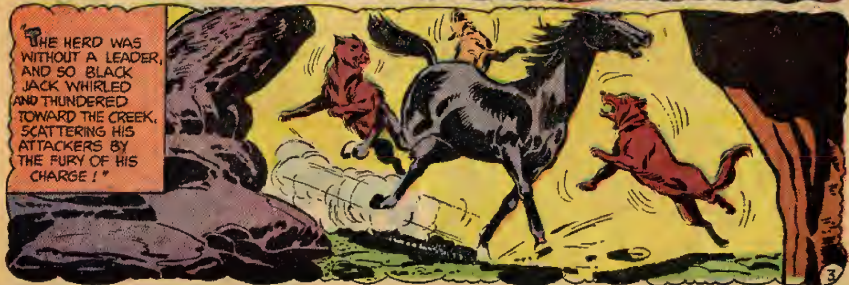
"AMBUSHED AS HE WAS BY THE BLOODTHIRSTY WOLF-PACK, BLACK JACK'S COURAGEOUS FIGHT COULD'VE BEEN HIS LAST, BUT AT THAT MOMENT..."



"...A SHRIEK MADE HIM WHIRL ATTENTIVELY. A FRIGHTENING THOUGHT RACED THROUGH HIS MIND... THE HERD WAS BEING ATTACKED DOWN BY THE CREEK!"

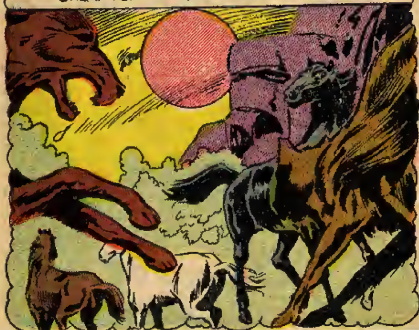


"THE HERD WAS WITHOUT A LEADER, AND SO BLACK JACK WHIRLED AND THUNDERED TOWARD THE CREEK, SCATTERING HIS ATTACKERS BY THE FURY OF HIS CHARGE!"

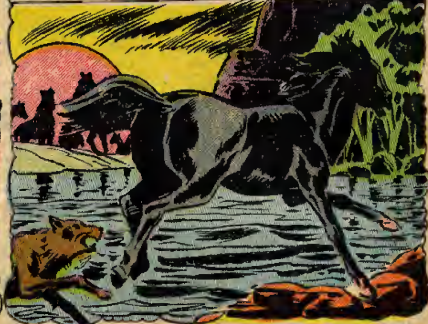


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"BLACK JACK'S WHINNY WARNED THE REST OF THE HERD...SLOWLY IT BEGAN TO RETREAT ACROSS THE STREAM, WHILE THE WOLVES CLOSED IN ON THE GREAT-HEARTED STALLION!"



"FOR SEVERAL MINUTES BLACK JACK'S HOOF'S WREAKED HAVOC ON THE SNARLING KILLERS, THEN, SEEING THAT THE REST OF THE HERD HAD CROSSED THE STREAM, HE FOUGHT FREE!"



"UP INTO THE ROCKY CLIFFS THE SWIFT HORSES ROARED, BUT THE HERD WAS UNABLE TO LOSE ITS MURDEROUS PURSUERS!"



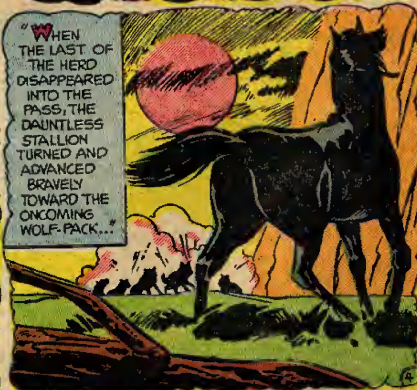
"THE FRIGHTENED HERD THUNDERED OFF, FOLLOWING THEIR NEW LEADER, AND CLOSE BEHIND THEM CAME THE KILL-CRAZED WOLF-PACK!"



"THE MUSTANGS WERE TIRING FAST...AND THE WOLF-PACK WAS CLOSING IN RELENTLESSLY...WHEN GREAT-HEARTED BLACK JACK LED THE HERD INTO A SECRET PASS!"



"WHEN THE LAST OF THE HERD DISAPPEARED INTO THE PASS, THE DAUNTLESS STALLION TURNED AND ADVANCED BRAVELY TOWARD THE ONCOMING WOLF-PACK..."

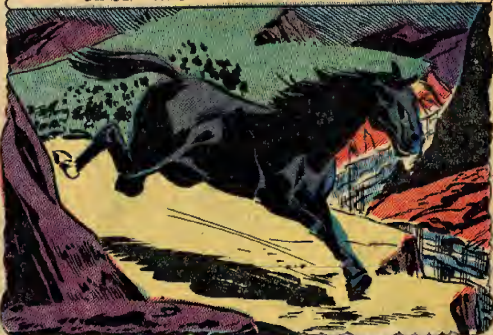


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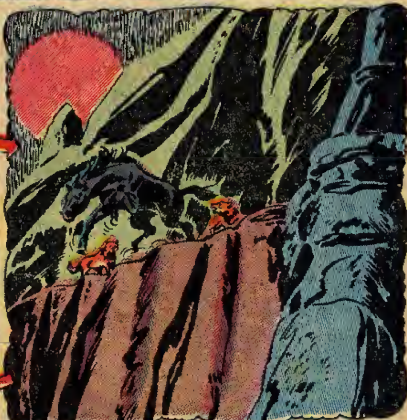
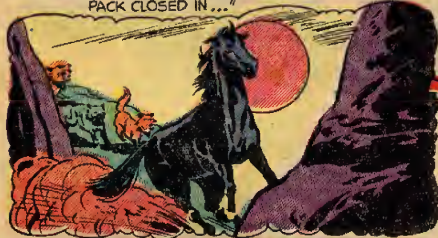
"BLACK JACK'S WHINNY SLASHED THROUGH THE AIR, AND THE RAPACIOUS WOLF-PACK YEERED, ITS ATTENTION FOCUSED ON THE COURAGEOUS DECOY!"



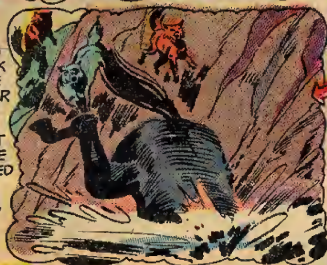
"ALONG A NARROW LEDGE, HIGH ABOVE A RUSHING STREAM, THE DEADLY PURSUIT CONTINUED..."



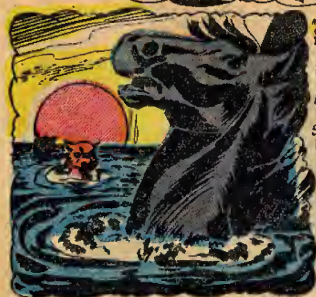
"...THEN, SUDDENLY, A CRAGGY WALL YEERED UP, BLOCKING ALL FURTHER ADVANCE FOR BLACK JACK! THE SNARLING PACK CLOSED IN..."



"WITH A RESOUNDING SPLASH BLACK JACK HIT THE RUSHING WATER BELOW! BUT THE CHASE WAS NOT YET OVER, FOR THE KILL-MADDENED WOLF-PACK LEAPED AFTER HIM!"



"...AND AS THE HUGE LEAD WOLF SLASHED OUT WITH HIS DEADLY CLAWS, THE BRAVE STALLION LEAPED FAR OUT INTO SPACE!"



"STRUGGLING IN THE FAST-RUSHING WATER, BLACK JACK MOVED SWIFTLY DOWNSTREAM, STILL PURSUED BY THE SAVAGE KILLERS!"

BUT AHEAD OF HIM, UNSEEN..."

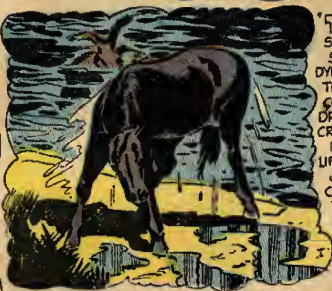
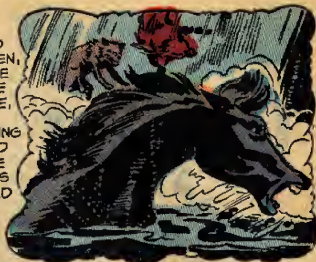


COWBOY WESTERN

"...BOOMED A ROARING WATERFALL! TOO LATE TO STOP, THE GREAT-HEARTED STALLION WAS SUCKED INTO THE MAELSTROM!"



"DOWN HE CRASHED, HEAD OVER HEELS! THEN, SOMEHOW AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MIGHTY CASCADE, BLACK JACK SURFACED, GASPING FOR AIR! BEHIND HIM, THE SAVAGE WOLF PACK WAS FOLLOWING AMID SCREAMS OF FRIGHT AND AGONY!"



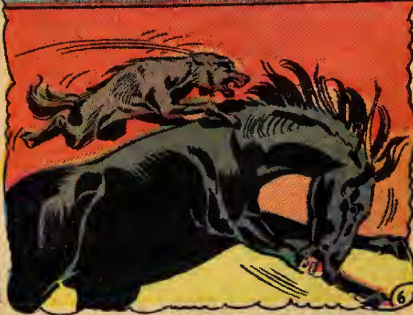
"THE AIR WAS SPLIT BY THE SHRIEKS OF DYING ANIMALS! THEN, AS THE CORPSES OF DROWNED AND CRUSHED WOLVES FLOATED BY LIFELESSLY, BLACK JACK WEARILY CLIMBED FROM THE WATERY GRAVE!"

"ALMOST TOO WEAK TO MOVE, THE STOUT HEARTED STALLION STUMBLED AWAY. THEN, UNSEEN BY HIM, THE BATTERED LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK SLITHERED TO THE SHORE...CREPT STEALTHILY ONTO DRY LAND!"



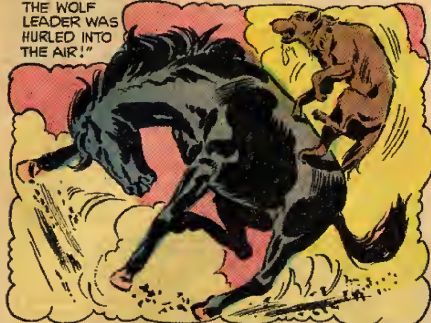
"STEP BY STEP THE MURDEROUS LOBO FOLLOWED HIS PREY! THEN, AS HE CLOSED IN FOR THE KILL..."

"...AND HIS HUGE BODY LAUNCHED IN A MURDEROUS LEAP! ON THE GREAT STALLION'S BACK, DEADLY CLAWS SLASHED LIKE LIGHTNING!"



COWBOY WESTERN

"WITH A ROAR, BLACK JACK WHIRLED AND BUCKED FRANTICALLY! THE KILLER'S SAVAGE HOLD LOOSENEED... THE WOLF LEADER WAS HURLED INTO THE AIR!"



"EVEN BEFORE THE WOLF HAD CRASHED TO THE GROUND, THE GREAT STALLION WAS UPON HIM! INTO THE AIR HE REARED IN RAGE, HIS DEADLY HOOF GUNTING IN THE SUNLIGHT!"



"DOWN HIS HOOF SLASHED! AGAIN AND AGAIN HE STAMPED ON THE HATED ENEMY...DRIVING THE LIFE FROM THE SHATTERED BODY OF THE WOLF LEADER!"



"WY WEAKE FROM HIS GREAT FIGHT, THE STALLION SLOWLY RETURNED TO THE SECRET PASS, WHERE..."



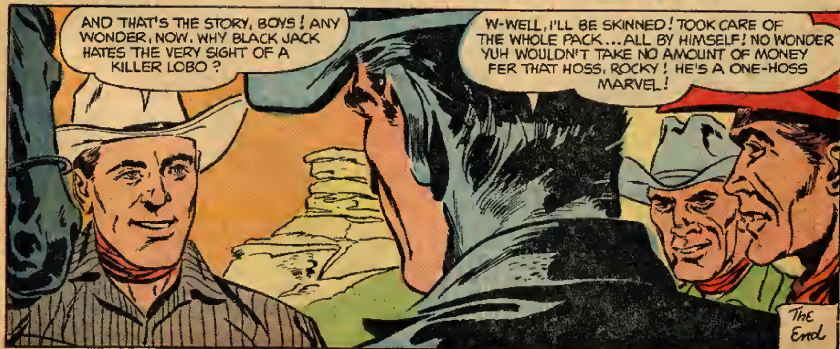
"FEARFULLY AT FIRST, THEN WITH MOUNTING JOY, THE MUSTANG HERD CREEPT FROM ITS HIDING PLACE."

WITH ADORATION THE HORSES NUZZLED THEIR NEW LEADER AND SAVIOR!"



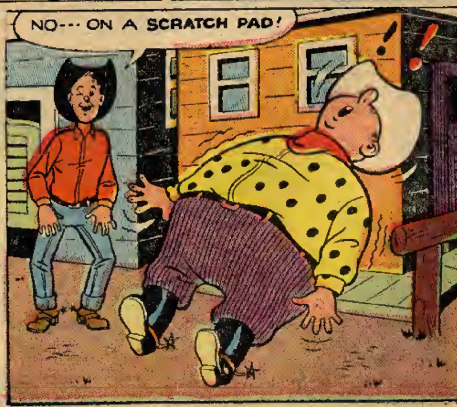
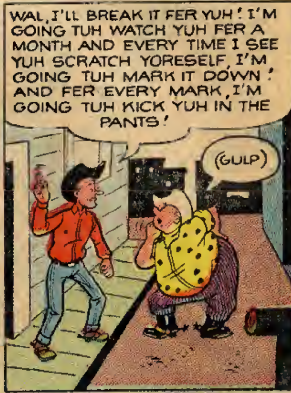
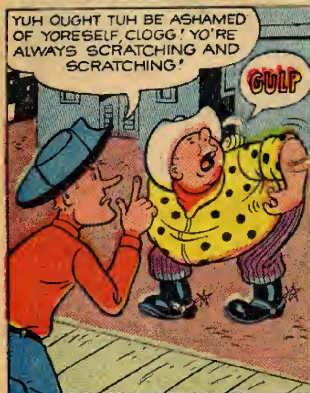
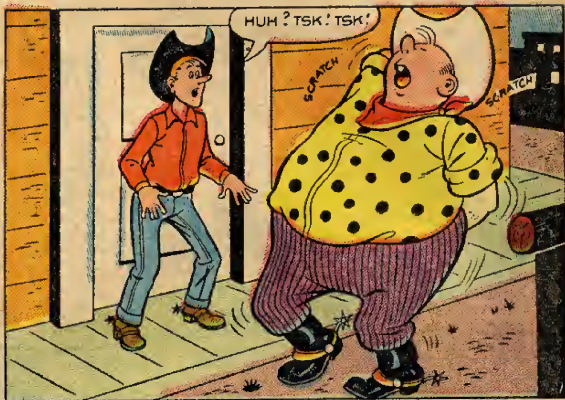
AND THAT'S THE STORY, BOYS! ANY WONDER, NOW, WHY BLACK JACK HATES THE VERY SIGHT OF A KILLER LOBO?"

W-WELL, I'LL BE SKINNED! TOOK CARE OF THE WHOLE PACK...ALL BY HIMSELF! NO WONDER YUH WOULDN'T TAKE NO AMOUNT OF MONEY FER THAT HOSS, ROCKY! HE'S A ONE-HOSS MARVEL!



The End

COWBOY WESTERN



SALTED TRAIL

The two men came to the county line and crossed it.

Ten yards beyond, they turned and glanced back at the marker and heaved a sigh of relief. Almost immediately the care-worn, hunted look appeared on their faces.

One of them was a murderer, wanted in several counties in another state. The other, an escaped thief, had a ten-year sentence hanging over his head.

"There's no rest for the wicked," Tad Wadro said ironically. "We ain't had two hours sleep in two nights."

Clem Cadjin nodded wryly.

"The wicked," he mused. "Well, that's us, right enough."

"I'm gettin' kinda tired of bein' hunted like a mad dog," Wadro said wearily. "But I guess there's no goin' back now."

"Not unless we give up," Cadjin remarked, and glanced 'round the great basin of the Greenrock Rim. "Ever had any real regrets, Tad?"

"Sure," Tad Wadro replied. "All I know is, honest men don't spend their nights on the fly, one step ahead of a noose. They sleep, and when they get up with the sun, they eat." He slapped his belly hungrily. "But it's too late for that; too late for us."

Clem nodded drearily.

"I was readin' a book couple of months ago by that feller Sam Clemens — think they call him Mark Twain, too. He was out here 'round the time the Comstock Silver Lode was discovered. He was sayin' murder and thievin' are terrible things. Once you start on murder and thievin', he says, the next thing you stop bein' kind to the poor, then you're disrespectful to your Maw and Paw and finally you sink so low you stop sayin' your prayers!"

"Haw-haw! That's right funny!" Tad Wadro exploded in laughter. "Why he's a real humorist, he is." Almost immediately, however, the laughter died out. His face became sad. "Trouble is, I began the other way 'round. I stopped sayin' my prayers and wound up murderin'."

"Same here," Clem began, soberly. "I reckon humor is one way of tellin' us the truth. Reckon that feller Mark Twain will go far." He paused suddenly and cocked an ear. "You hear anything?" he said. "Like hoofbeats?"

Wadro listened.

"Now," he said. "We left that posse in San Pedro twenty miles behind. We're over the

county line now, anyway." He glanced at his partner. "We gotta get money soon, Clem. Plenty of it. With dough we can cross into Mexico and live like kings. Without it we're sunk . . . Whup!" Instantly a six-gun had appeared in his hand. There was a neat click as he drew back the hammer.

"I told you I heard hoofbeats," Clem said.

"Mulebeats," Tad remarked scornfully.

They watched the old man leading the mule come over the rim. He paused, irresolute, for an instant, then came toward them.

"Looks like a prospector," Clem said. "No money on the likes 'o them."

"Sometimes, though," Tad said thoughtfully. "Reckon he's lonely and wants to talk." He released the hammer and put his gun away. "We'll talk — and see if he's got anything worth grabbin'."

"Howdy, strangers!" the old man said, as he came up.

They noted the prospector's equipment slung over the mule and looked at each other, nodding secretly.

"Hit anything, pard?" Tad remarked amiably. His eyes were on the canvas bag hung on the mule's rump.

The old man chuckled.

"In forty years just once, gents, couple of weeks ago, but . . ."

"In that bag?" Tad asked, gently.

"That's right, but . . ."

The next instant he was looking into the muzzle of Tad Wadro's six-shooter.

"Unload that mule," Wadro said.

"Alright," the old man said, looking at them strangely. He pulled on a single rope, and everything dropped off the mule's back.

"Get on that mule and ride north," Wadro said. He squeezed a bit of menace into his voice. "And if you look back once until you're a hundred miles away . . ."

"Right, gents, right," the old prospector said briskly. "I know when I'm not wanted socially." He glanced at them and rode off.

"You think he'll . . ." Clem began.

"Of course he will," Tad Wadro said. "We gotta work fast." He was already off his horse, examining the big canvas bag. "I got an idea, if only . . ." He pulled a couple of rocks out of the bag and glanced at them closely. "Ahhhhhhhh!" he breathed.

Clem stared at the rocks, goggle-eyed.

"Silver ore!" he said, his eyes as big as saucers.

"Silver ore!" Tad repeated. "A pretty thick

COWBOY WESTERN

vein, too!"

"Let's get 'im!" Clem said heatedly. He began scrambling toward his horse. "That vein of silver's two inches wide!"

"Wait a minute!" Tad cried.

"Wait for what?" Clem said impatiently.

"It wouldn't matter if the vein was six inches wide, or if the mine that old gezeek discovered was worth forty billion dollars!"

"Why?"

Tad's eyes were sad, before he answered.

"Because we got no time!" he said. "You forgot there's a posse on the other side o' that county line? Now listen to me. I got an idea. Forty mile south from here is silver country!"

"Silver country that's played out — like the Comstock Lode!" Clem said.

"Okay," Tad said. "You're right. But what's to stop us ridin' into Grassville, stakin' a claim, showin' this ore to the assayer and claimin' we got it from some played-out mine around Grassville. New, rich veins aren't unusual. We could sell the claim quick for twenty-thousand and skedaddle into Mexico."

Clem looked dubious for a moment.

"Might be risky," he said.

"You got any better idea?" Tad Wadro asked, and when Clem said no, gathered up the ore in the bag, tied it to his saddle-bow and hung some of the old prospector's implements near it, just for local color. Then both men rode on toward Grassville.

Outside of the town they picked out an abandoned mine, dropped some of the rich ore down the pit just in case they were called on to show where they got it. After that they rode up to the assayer's office. Enough small dribbles of low-grade silver ore were still being dug out of the Grassville Lode to keep the assay office at work. They left the ore samples at the office and started to make the rounds of the bars. At each they managed to drop a few hints of their find — the find now being analyzed at the assay office.

Surrounded, at last, by a small crowd, Tad and Clem allowed themselves to be questioned.

"Where'd you find that ore?" one waddy asked.

"Hereabouts," Clem said, smiling. "Findin' out just where will cost twenty-thousand dollars."

A big rancher pushed his way forward eagerly.

"If your samples assay high, I'll pay you twenty-thousand dollars right out of the Grassville bank — in cash!"

Tad and Clem grinned at each other in triumph.

They headed back to the assay office with the rancher, the crowd of excited spectators following. As they entered the office, the assayer put down his jeweler's eyeglass and shoved aside the chemicals he'd tested the ore with.

"Assay's very high," he said. "In fact, it's a pure vein of silver!" He paused. "You sure you found it 'round Grassville?"

"Just outside the town!" Tad said loudly.

"Like I told you!"

"It's a deal, then!" the rancher said excitedly. "I'll pay you your money now!"

"Wait a minute," the assayer said. He pulled out a gun and covered Tad and Clem. Both men jumped back in alarm.

"What the devil do you mean?" Tad roared.

"You're sellin' a claim under false pretenses!" the assayer continued. "You were lyin' when you said you got that silver 'round here. Grassville ore, like the Comstock Silver Lode, is always mixed in with tiny quantities of gold. And this is pure silver ore!"

"Well, wherever it was found, it's still worth plenty!" Clem said.

"But it ain't yours!" the assayer cried. "Get the Sheriff, Pete!" he said to the rancher, who ran outside. "I recognized those ore samples. An old prospector brought 'em in yesterday. He found a rich vein a hundred miles north — after forty years search. But it petered out fast. He just wanted to be sure he'd really found silver, even if there wasn't any more left. You two rock-toads must have stolen the ore from him. Anyway, the Sheriff will find out!"

Clem glanced helplessly at Tad. An investigation would turn up all the murders of Wadro, all Cadjin's thievery. Everything would come out. No rest for the wicked, they thought — except on a rope.

"What you mumblin'?" Tad asked glumly.

"My prayers," Clem said.

The End

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1932, AND JULY 2, 1940 (Title 29, United States Code, Section 133) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF COWBOY WESTERN, published Bimonthly at Derby Conn. for September 30, 1953.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher — Edward Levy, New Haven, Conn.
Editor and Managing Editor — Burton N. Levy, Orange, Conn.

Business Manager, John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent of more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given, if owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

Song Hits, Inc., Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

Edward Levy, New Haven, Connecticut

John Santangelo, Derby, Connecticut

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

BURTON N. LEVY, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1953.

(SEAL)

Sydney Shindell (Notary Public)

(My commission expires April 1, 1957)

COWBOY WESTERN

MOLASSES MOUTH



PUTS HIS FOOT INTO IT!



COWBOY WESTERN

WHEN THE CRANFORD FAMILY WAS SLAUGHTERED AT THEIR FARM, A BLOODY WAR OF VENGEANCE SEEMED READY TO BREAK OUT AGAINST THE MURAKI TRIBE. THEN A STRANGER RODE INTO LONE PINE...INTO THE MIDST OF A TOWN BEING SPURRED ON TO MASS-MURDER BY A...

CRY FOR REVENGE

with **GOLDEN ARROW!**

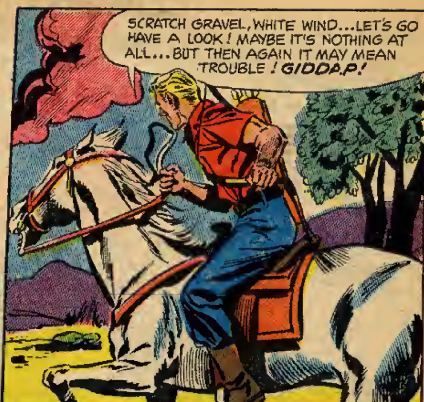


COWBOY WESTERN

AT THE SAME MOMENT, ACROSS THE PLAIN, GOLDEN ARROW LOOKS UP IN SURPRISE...



WONDER HOW MY OLD FRIEND, CHIEF FLEETFOOT OF THE MURAKI IS GETTING ON? HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A YEAR...SINCE MY LAST TRIP INTO LONE PINE. S-SAY... THAT LOOKS LIKE A BIG FIRE...



SCRATCH GRAVEL, WHITE WIND...LET'S GO HAVE A LOOK! MAYBE IT'S NOTHING AT ALL...BUT THEN AGAIN IT MAY MEAN TROUBLE! GIDDAP!



THE WHOLE FARM...BURNED TO ASHES! AND THE PEOPLE HERE...THEY'VE BEEN MASSACRED! ALL EXCEPT THAT ONE POOR FELLOW...

H-HELP... MISTER... G-GIMME A HAND...

DESPERATELY FIGHTING THE FIRE, GOLDEN ARROW STIFLES THE FLAMES. LOADING THE WOUNDED VICTIM ABOARD HIS HORSE, HE EXAMINES THE GROUND.

HMM...FOUR HORSES WERE HERE ALL RIGHT... NOT MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES AGO!



THIS POOR FELLOW'S BADLY HACKED UP... NOT MUCH ANYONE CAN DO TO HELP HIM...I'M AFRAID!

SAY...THAT LOOKS LIKE JEB CRANFORD SLUNG OVER THE STRANGER'S SADDLE! WHAT'S UP, MISTER? AN AMBUSH OUT ON THE PLAINS?



SOMETHING LIKE THAT! DO YOU HAVE A DOCTOR HERE IN LONE PINE?

HERE HE COMES NOW, PUFFIN' LIKE AN IRON HORSE! EASY DOES IT, BOYS...JEB'S ALREADY TOOK A FEARFUL BEATING! THAT'S IT...SET 'IM DOWN NICE AND GENTLE!



COWBOY WESTERN

T-THEY RODE UP...WE...THOUGHT THEY WAS FRIENDLY! B-BUT THEY KILLED EVERYONE... WIFE...KIDS...ALL OF US! I-TOOK US BY SURPRISE...MURAKI... F-FOUR MURAKI...INJUNS...



H-HE'S DEAD!

BUT HE GOT HERE IN TIME TO TELL US WHO DONE IT! THEM DIRTY MURAKI INJUNS...THEY BUTCHERED THE WHOLE CRANFORD FAMILY, LIKE POOR JEB SAID!



ARE WE GONNA STAND HERE AND LET THEM LOUSY REDSKINS KILL OUR NEIGHBORS? MEBBE YOU GUYS ARE TOO LILY-LIVERED TO PROTECT YOURSELVES...BUT LEN 'CLAGG'S GONNA PROTECT THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN! I SAY RAID THE MURAKI...DRIVE 'EM OFF THE PLAINS! WHO'S WITH ME?



I'LL GO WITH YOU, CLAGG! WE GOTTA TEACH THEM REDSKINS A LESSON! A MAN'S KIN-FOLK AIN'T SAFE WITH THEM KILLIN' AND BURNIN'!

HOLD ON, BOYS! IT'S NOT RIGHT TO GO RIDING OFF TO FLEETFOOT'S VILLAGE AND START SHOOTING BEFORE YOU KNOW FOR SURE WHO DID THE MURDERING!



YOU SUGGESTIN' WE JUST SIT AROUND AND WAIT FOR THE INJUNS TO MURDER ALL OF US?

NOT AT ALL, MR. CLAGG! BUT THE ONLY ONES YOU'RE INTERESTED IN GETTING ARE THE KILLERS, RIGHT?



GIVE ME A CHANCE TO BRING BACK THE KILLERS...WHOEVER THEY ARE...BY SUNUP TO MORROW MORNING, ARE THERE TWO MEN HERE WILLING TO RIDE TO THE MURAKI VILLAGE WITH ME?

I'LL GO! JEB WAS MY COUSIN!

ME TOO! MY OWN WIFE'S A CRANFORD!



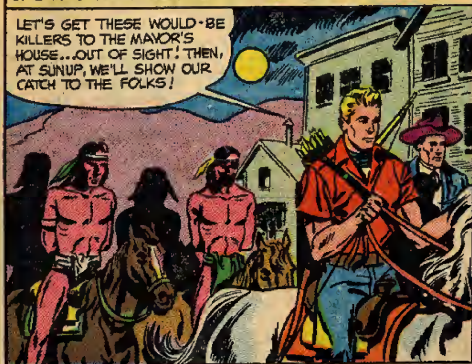
COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

MURRIEDLY TRUSSING THEIR CAPTIVES, GOLDEN ARROW AND HIS SIDEKICKS BRING THEM BACK TO LONE PINE...SILENTLY...

LET'S GET THESE WOULD-BE KILLERS TO THE MAYOR'S HOUSE...OUT OF SIGHT! THEN, AT SUNUP, WE'LL SHOW OUR CATCH TO THE FOLKS!



AS THE FIRST STREAKS OF SUNLIGHT ILLUMINATE THE TOWN OF LONE PINE, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

THAT STRANGER AND TWO OF OUR TOWNSMEN MUSTA BEEN AMBUSHED AND MURDERED BY THE MURAKI! THERE AINT A SIGN OF 'EM...NOW **NO ONE** CAN DOUBT WE GOTTA WIPE OUT THEM SNEAKY INJUNS!



THE REDSKINS'VE MURDERED FOR THE LAST TIME...NOW IT'S **OUR** TURN! WE'LL DRIVE 'EM OFF THEIR LANDS...KILL 'EM ALL! YOU WITH ME?

WE SURE ARE, CLAGG!

REVENGE!

YOU'LL GET YOUR VENGEANCE, BOYS...RIGHT HERE! I GOT THE MURDERERS BEFORE THEY COULD GET **ME!** NOW I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



GOLDEN ARROW!
T-THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE S-STILL ALIVE!

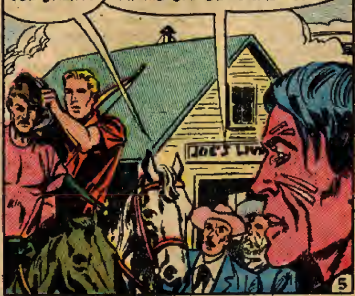
I'M STILL BREATHING...NO THANKS TO THESE COYOTES! BRING THEM UP CLOSE, BOYS!...SO EVERYONE CAN SEE! AFTER WE BROUGHT THEM BACK LAST NIGHT, WE CLEANED THEM UP A BIT, TO MAKE THEM NICE AND PRETTY!



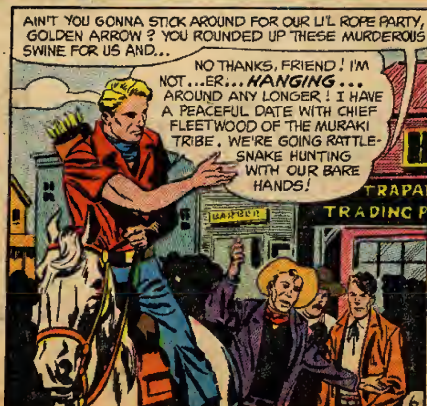
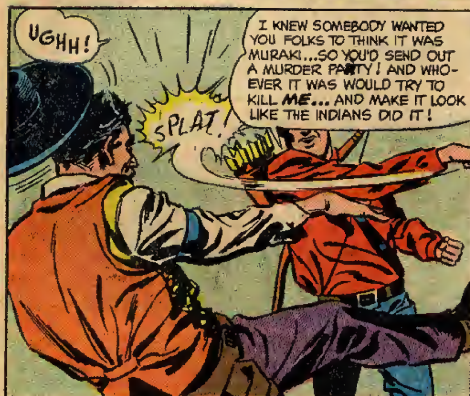
QUICKLY YANKING THE MASKS OFF THE FACES OF HIS CAPTIVES, GOLDEN ARROW CREATES QUITE A STIR...

W-WHY... THAT'S JOE BRENT!

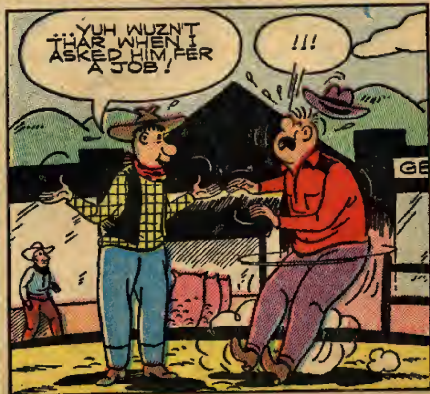
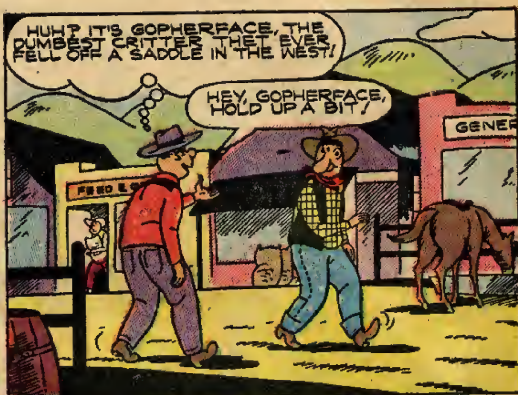
T-THE FOUR OF THEM...ALL WORK FOR **LEN CLAGG**, AT HIS GAMBLING CASINO!



COWBOY WESTERN

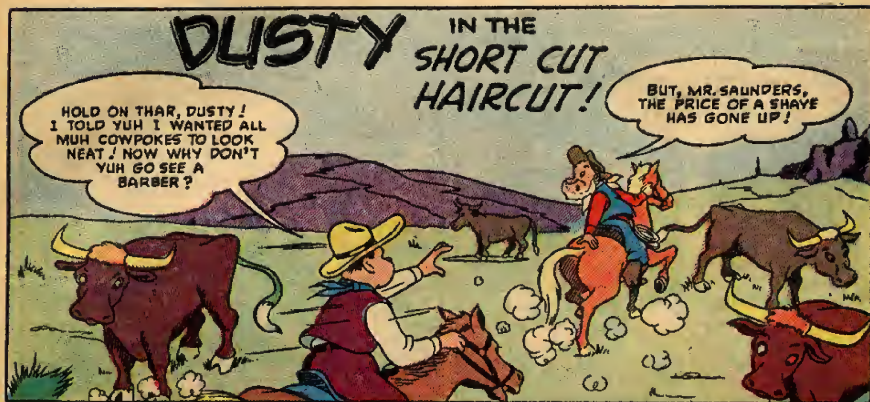


COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

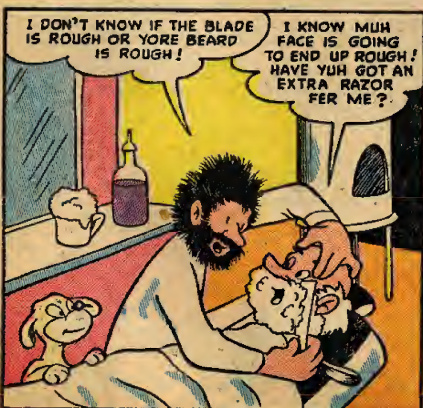
DUSTY IN THE SHORT CUT HAIRCUT!



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



Now! The Amazing Facts about

BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or alopecia, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. **DRY SEBORRHEA:** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itching. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.
2. **OILY SEBORRHEA:** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and acnes bacillus. These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.



DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES

Caused By Seborrhea

A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used." —E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula." —M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application." —J.M., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house." —R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate." —L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair." —T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico.

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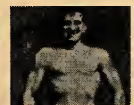
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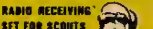
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